



IN REQUIEM TO OUR FALLEN

Inspired by original poem Richard Cory By [Edwin Arlington Robinson](#)

American Veterans our broken heroes & suicide.

written to honor those who wasted their lives protesting US govt and VA mistreatment & trying to change and counter Veterans Affairs lies and deception and awaken the sleeping American sheeple to their abuse and abandonment.

*****Credit goes to and inspired by original poem Richard Cory By [Edwin Arlington Robinson](#) see end of page.

In tribute to all American Veterans; our broken heroes & suicide as consequence of Veterans Affairs abandonment

written to honor those who wasted their lives from successful suicides protesting US govt and VA mistreatment & abandonmen. **As a protest trying to change and counter Veterans Affairs lies and deception and awaken the sleeping American sheeple to their abuse and abandonment there.**

**All Credit goes to and was inspired by original poem 'Richard Cory' written By
[Edwin Arlington Robinson](#) see original poem at end of page.**

broken Heroes

Whenever our US Veteran hero went to town,
And Whenever our hero US veteran went down the street
We people on the pavement admired him or her:
S/He was a patriotic and sharply groomed from sole to crown,
Clean favored, sharply uniformed and imperially slim.

*And s/he was always patriotically arrayed,
and patriotically, proudly wore those ribbons for all to see
VA public lies claimed to care for s/he- in toto-*

And s/he was always human when s/he walked & talked;
But still s/he admirably fluttered pulses when s/he said,
"Good-morning," and a ribboned s/he glittered when s/he walked,
and patriotically saluted the American Flag.

according to VA public lies –
s/he was properly cared for and compensated;
We thought s/he was admirably uniformed, decorated and
compensated by VA in every grace and need.
[but only a chosen few get any compensation]
In fine, our naive ignorance thought that our taxes went to benefit him & her in toto
VA benefits that compensated s/he for all duress & injury,
To make us wish that we were in our hero's place.
We could not see the horrible injury that VA abandonment
made into pain within his or her tortured human soul-

So on we worked, and waited for the light,
And went to bed without meat, and cursed our bread;
And our US hero, one calm summer night,
went home to silently end his or her pain in the soul
with a bullet through the head.

**According to US Veterans Affairs own guess 22 veterans successfully die by suicide every day;
nobody knows the accurate count 22 is only a guess by the corrupt agency that mistreats them to
death.**

*******Richard Cory**

By [Edwin Arlington Robinson](#)

Whenever Richard Cory went down town,
We people on the pavement looked at him:
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
"Good-morning," and he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich—yes, richer than a king—

And admirably schooled in every grace:
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish that we were in his place.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,
And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head.